

Tiller and Curtis
Pay Visit to

PETWORTH COMMUTERS

And Record Kicks
on Transfer SystemCitizens Have Peculiar
Trouble With Street
Car Service.CARS FILL BEFORE
THEY REACH THEM"The Loop" and "Transfers" Are
Responsible for Inhabitants'
Loss of Temper.

By THEODORE TILLER.

"Poor progressive Petworth; petulant Petworth!"

"How oft in moments of remorse have I crept to the hilltops overlooking thy verdant beauties and wept; how heavily has heaved my generous bosom as the realization of thy grievous injuries came over me; how frequently would I have granted thy supplication for the death of the transfer, the abolishment of my 'loop,' a glorious inaugural day of a through car to the throbbing city beyond—and yet ye would not, ye would not PAY TWO FARES."

(Culled from the purported lamentations of one General Harries, vice-president and general manager of the Washington Railway and Electric Company, which benevolent corporation operates more or less frequently a system of cars between Petworth, whose hills we are now discussing, and that same transfer point referred to in last week's Brightwood expose as "the loop.")

The lamentations of Harries, de luxe edition, are said to have wide circulation in Petworth, which suburb is also the home of numerous other lamentations—mainly directed at the aforesaid street car system.)

So outrageously does petulant Petworth say she has been treated in this matter that kicks may be expected with almost everything out that way except the real estate prospectus. They say the price car service is actually holding back the price, that people are just clamoring to come out and be one of them—but they get no farther than the loop.

The loop, let me explain here, is the bungalow for Petworth, Brightwood, Takoma Park, and Brightwood Park, so you just as well become acquainted with it now. Petworth has no loop, but the advantage of the other places, however, for when the weather and winking is good as number of its best people tramp across lots, by the new Tuberculosis Hospital, and take the Fourteenth street line, five blocks away. Even this is preferable to the loop, 'twas said.

Street Car "Evil."

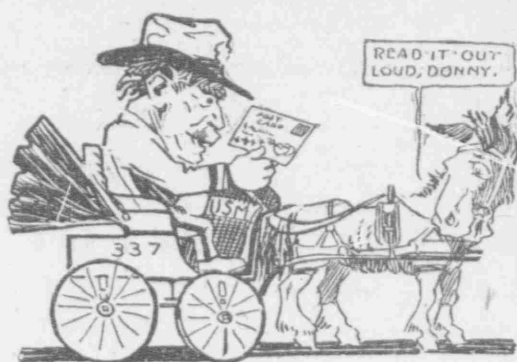
So it would be impossible to introduce you to Petworth without dwelling largely on this question of street cars. That's the kind of stuff that will interest them. "Lambast them all, you can, won't you? Gee, but it's awful. See Harries, how long," said some of them to me as they poured into my ears a tale of daily suffering. Then I let the fellow wisp on my shoulder while I took notes and nobody could have a sobbing fellow like that stacked up against him without growing real sorry about it.

Anyhow, the leading citizens might not be interested in anything else. I don't believe they would peruse more than a paragraph about the discovery of the North Pole, the settlement of the race question, whether or not Gompers would deliver the labor vote or whether the Duke of the Abruzzi is en route to America—provided the next column contained something about through cars on the Petworth-Brightwood line.

True there is a little complaint out that way because Brightwood avenue has been changed to Georgia avenue, with a resultant confusion among the old timers, but this is a mere subordinate grievance. So is the paving and sewerage. The car is the thing.

The historian who would analyze the life of Petworth for this and future generations needs a vocabulary mainly composed of the following words:

Commute.
Commuter.
Transfer.
Transferable.
Suburbanity.
Kick.

PETWORTH RECEIVES WIRELESS
MESSAGES FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD
THROUGH DONOVAN, R.F.GENIAL MR. CLAXTON WHO
RUNS THE GAS-
ACCELERATOR BELIEVES
IN THE OLD
RAPID-FIRE MAXIM, "IN TIME OF PEACE
PREPARE FOR THE WORST."

Loop.
Harries.

Meaning of Commute.

In the several definitions of the word "commute" as prescribed by our old friend Noah Webster, we find the following:

"Commute: To substitute (one sort of burden) for another; to exchange (one penalty or punishment) for another."

"To pay in an aggregate sum instead of by installments; as, to commute for annual railroad fare."

"To atone, to compensate, to stand in the place of."

"Commute: One who commutes."

Never has one bunch of definitions all seemed to apply as the above to Petworth. In commuting out that way, they insist they have the burden, penalty, and punishment, atonement and compensation all working overtime and the union offering no boycott plans.

When it comes to the word commuter, "one who commutes"—Petworth just stands up on its rear legs and joins in the chorus—"That's me."

Gently, I would pass over the definition of the word "transfer" as given by Webster. In the old days the lexicographer called it "A ticket given a passenger on one line entitling him to transportation on an intersecting line."

No such definition as that goes in Petworth. A transfer wouldn't know itself if it were addressed in that manner out on the Brightwood line. Nobody would talk like that to a transfer, unless it were some kind-hearted old lady from the Home for the Aged.

Here's one of the 1,000 names the transfer has been called since Petworth got mad: "Gimme one of those blank-a-blank purples, conduc. I'm so tired of carrying these things my fingers are stained. I wish the whole system, but never mind what he wished."

Transferable: "Capable of being transferred or conveyed from one place to another."

Again does Petworth sob, "us again." Ditto transferable, "the person to whom a transfer is made."

Suburbanity: "Fondness for suburban life." I put on the soft pedal here. Everybody seemed fond of Petworth but nobody of the means of getting there.

Its Peculiar Trouble.

The place has a peculiar trouble all its own. Herr Jacob Xander told me that Petworth had more right to kick than any other place on the line, be-

THE HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.
TO SLEEP, PERCHANCE TO DREAM! AYE, THERE'S THE RUB!
WHETHER 'TIS BETTER TO ENDURE THE LOOP THAT IS, PAY TWO
FARES, OR BEAT IT OVER TO 14TH STREET, THAT IS THE QUESTION.TWO MORE
"DEAD SOLDIERS"
DUKE.

WELL-KNOWN MEMBERS OF THE
TENNIS CLUB, WHILE EXCAVATING
FOR A NEW COURT, MADE SOME
INTERESTING BOTTLING LOGICAL DISCOVERIES.



F-A-N-E-W-M-A-N-LEADING-POLITICIAN.

Dr. Fred B. Campbell, rising young
druggist, who has the only drug and
soda water emporium in Petworth, is
also there with a large complaint as to
what Senator Bacon did to honor
Georgia's name. Only recently, the doc
told me, he narrowly missed the receipt
of a box of candy from Baltimore, be-
cause the railroad people couldn't
find his number on the Georgia avenue,
which was once down southeast Wash-
ington. Doctor Campbell isn't married,
at least wasn't when we were out the
first of the week, but my, his place is
a mecca for sweet young things.

Everett Maddox, who wanted to know
what his name was wanted for before
he consented to spell it, is one of the
handsomest soda jerkers I've seen, and
I've seen 2,677. "Ev" is now working
on an invention which, when perfected,
will enable any soda jerker to send a
wireless message just with the fizz.

This, however, is patented only for use
when soda is being drawn for somebody
Xander's possession. "From Omaha to
Randolph," the order read. "I'm get-

ting old; soon I don't know where I
lie," said Mr. Xander.

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EFFRY VUN MUST KEEB US
HIS OWN BRUPPER-TIES—CHEZ?WHEN I RECOVERED
UNCONSCIOUSNESS, I
LIFTED THE LOCOMOTIVE
OFF MY FRIENDS
CHEST AND TOSSED IT
ASIDE, WHILE WITH THE
OTHER HAND I
THREATENED TO
SHOOT THE
LOOTERS, AND
WITH THE
OTHER
HAND
RESCUED THE
MAIL BAGS
FROM THE
FLAMES.

JAS. PARTELLI,
FOR HALF A MILLION
MILES A RAILWAY
MAIL CLERK, AND
LIVE TO TELL
THE TALE IN PETWORTH.

were there and delivered an oration on
the slowness of collections in some
quarters. They must do an immense
business, for there were so many clerks
we could hardly get in the door. Among
them we noted James A. Archer, Ar-
thur Turner, and Bob Winfree, any
one of whom knows by heart the appet-
ite, capacity, and taste of any citizen
of Petworth.

Distributed over the adjacent land-
scape we saw Newton Dempsey, Enos
Harnden, Henry Le Duc, George Stose,
and others prominent in Petworth ath-
letic circles.

Harnden said if we were going to put
anything about him in the paper he
wished we'd spell his name right. Sev-
eral times, he said, he had seen his
name in print in different publications,
each time as Harnden, Herndon, or
some other way. "Enos," the name by
which he is summoned to dinner at
home, it seems has also been carelessly
played with, inasmuch as it is not so
common as Bill or Reginald.

Newton Dempsey, called "Oh, you
Newt" for short, had no particular kick
coming. Newt, although slim of stature
and short measure across face, showed
he was an athlete by wearing a sweat-
band and carrying a golf stick. He and
Harnden were both members of the
new basketball team which comprises
such other celebrities as Graham, Jim
Dempsey, Garrett, Lynch, Jones, Clay-
ton, Brunz, Langley, Thomas, Stock-
man, and Gable.

Henry Le Duc and George Stose, both
popular bachelors, were wrestling man-
fully with the laying out of a tennis
court. Work had been interrupted, they
said, because the city had thoughtlessly
put down a sewer across the yard,
which naturally interrupted the game
for everybody except the mosquitoes.

Le Duc told me that Petworth had the
only tennis court located on Government
property with the exception of the one
upon which the President plays. A per-
mit had to be obtained by Petworth to
lay it out. I had no statistics on the
subject, so we'll let it go at that.

Beau Brummel.

I didn't see Dr. Alfred Norcross, but
the fellows told me he was an awfully
enthusiastic athlete and incidentally a
Beau Brummel. It is really wonderful
the number of bachelors one finds in
Petworth. It does seem that this might
be the subject of a message to Con-
gress.

There's Fred Grant, secretary to the

All Other Grievances Are
Small Compared to the
"Car Grouch."PROTEST REGISTERED
ON GEORGIA AVENUECitizens' Popular Definition of
Transfer Not Found in
Webster.

Chamber of Commerce. You would
think that any man with a soft job like
that would want to turn over his pay
envelope to somebody every week, but
then he doesn't. Still, there are those
who have hopes.

William Gude, former president of the
Citizens' Association, former secretary
of the Chamber of Commerce, and all
the time a florist, is another sterling
Petworth product. M. Gude decided rais-
ing flowers was easy compared to get-
ting a car service, so he stopped worry-
ing and gets back and forth the best he
can.

Edwin A. Newman is the P. P.—Pet-
worth Politician. Mr. Newman is na-
tional committeeman from the District,
and is now engaged in appealing for
funds to help elect Bryan. He was one
of two District men who got his name
in the paper for contributing over \$100
to the Democratic cause. Mr. Newman
coughed up \$250 and felt much relieved.
Next to boosting Bryan, Mr. Newman is
principally concerned with squelching
the Carr-Darr faction in District Demo-
cratic politics. Every four years there is
a debate between the Newman crowd
and the Carr-Darr crowd as to which
is the "regular" faction. Mr. Newman
speaks and debates and does other press
agent stunts with the facility that an
eel would exhibit in going through the
average sluice gate. Mr. Newman owns
much Petworth property and built the
original block there.

"Gas Accelerator."

Col. Edmund Claxton, thirty-six years
with the gas company uptown, now has
charge of a machine which "boosts"
the gas on to Takoma Park. "Ac-
celerating the flow," he called it. Mr.
Claxton knows nearly everybody in
Petworth, for most of them have
moved in since he came, he says. Popu-
lation has jumped from a mere 400 to
more than 1,000 in two years, he told
me. The walls of Colonel Claxton's
Petworth station are adorned with
formidable relics; the nippers placed
on Gultear, a rifle used in the war of
1812, the battle of Waterloo, and the civil
war; the first model Colts navy revolver
and other instruments of death and de-
struction are his midnight companions.

Clarke Mayne is studying chemistry
in George Washington University.
Meanwhile he and "Doc" Campbell have
compounded something to make the hair
grow. The baby has been named "See-
hair-gain." Pretty classy, isn't it?

Parker Anderson and Dick Turpin are
summer commuters. Like birds of pas-
sage, they migrate back and forth ac-
cording to the frost. Both are firm be-
lievers in the five-block walk and the
Fourteenth street car line. Both tickle
a telegraph key in Washington by day,
and by a relay alarm clock system are
able to get up in time to get down to
work. Turpin is fair and scarce twenty,
but married. Anderson has been here
longer and is going to remedy the little
matrimonial oversight soon.

I'll see with a brief reference to Wil-
liam Nevins Cronwell, president of
the Citizens' Association, and James
Partelli, former secretary, whose ar-
duous duties are now performed by C.
L. Gable. Suffice it is to say that these
gentlemen are mainly engaged in put-
ting Napoleon's famous question,
"What has he done?" to General Har-
ries. They paused for reply and echo
answers.

Mr. Partelli, however, has other
things to think about now, principally
how he escaped being killed in that
Sand Patch wreck on the Baltimore
and Ohio, in 1902. He gave such a
graphic description of the tumble down
the mountain side, how he lifted the de-
bris from himself and other mail
clock companions, and how he bluffed
off a bunch of mountaineer looters, that
I forgot to ask him what he thought
about the Brightwood car line. Kicking
because too arduous, he says, when a
member of the P. C. A. He's now with
the Postoffice Department, after hav-
ing ridden half a million miles within
the past fifteen years as a postal mail
clerk.

If the company don't make them pay
two fares, in consideration of a prob-
able through service, you ought to go
out there and see Petworth some time.

FRENCH HAVE PLAN
TO MURDER AUTOISTSWorkman Makes Official Be-
lieve He Has Been Run
Over, Then Collects.

PARIS, Oct. 24.—According to the ex-
perience which an American gentleman,
Colonel Nutting, of Brooklyn, N. Y.,
has just had with workmen on country
roads, they have found a new way to
"increase" their weekly wages by hold-
ing up automobile parties.

Col. Andrew Nutting was on his way
to Baden-Baden with his daughter and
a governess, when, at a place near
Lunerville, before crossing the French
frontier, they were held up by about
a dozen workmen. One of the men
threw himself suddenly across the road,
but the car was stopped in time and
avoided running over him. The work-
men, however, gathered around the car,
pretending that their comrade had been
run over and threatened the party with
their shovels and pickaxes.

One of them ran to a village close by
and informed the assistant mayor that
an automobile going at full speed had
run over one of the workmen and had
attempted to escape, but that his com-
rades had held it back. The representa-
tive of the mayor believed the work-
man, and went to the spot himself, and,
in spite of Colonel Nutting's protest,
compelled him to pay \$40 to the pretent-
ed victim before allowing him to pro-
ceed.

On returning to this city Colonel Nut-
ting lodged a formal complaint and the
ministry of the interior made an in-
quiry, which has brought out the fact
that the workman who pretended to be
injured, as well as his accomplices,
disappeared immediately after the
money had been paid.

PRIMITIVE HANGINGS
COMMON IN RUSSIAPrisoners Are Taken to Woods and
Strung Up to Limb of a
Tree.

ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 24.—"Stoly-
pin's Necktie"—the hangman's rope—
is getting such an evil reputation in
Russia that some serious people are
suggesting the guillotine as a less bar-
barous form of execution.

Legally there is no capital punish-
ment in Russia, and persons are now
executed under martial law. Those who
are not shot are hanged in a horribly
primitive way, because there is no
proper appliance for executions.

Prisoners sentenced to death in St.
Petersburg are taken in the early
morning under a strong guard of sol-
diers to a lonely spot on the seashore
and amid the pine forest.

The executioner, previously well primed
with vodka, fastens his rope to a
branch and puts the halter around the
neck of the victim, who is made to
stand on a rough box. This is then
violently knocked away, leaving the
condemned man dangling in "Stoly-
pin's Necktie." It is sometimes twelve
minutes before the wretched creature
ceases to struggle. The body is buried
immediately after death in a shallow
grave in the forest.

TOO UNKIND.

"Didn't you say there was a states-
man in your family?" queried my deaf
friend.

"Oh, no," I cried, hastening to correct
his peculiar impression; "I merely said
that a relative of mine was one of the
United States Senators from New York."

The Bohemian.

KING'S BREAKFAST
DECLINED BY BOYROME, Oct. 24.—King Victor Emanuel
tells this story on himself:

He went out hunting alone the other
day early at Monza, and was lucky
enough to shoot a fine mountain sheep.
The animal fell into a deep abyss, and
the King was just contemplating the
peasant boy came up, offering to do it
for him.

"How much?" queried his majesty,
who suspected that he might have been
recognized and would be held up for
a large ransom.

"One lire (20c) and half of your break-
fast."

The King assented, and after a labor-
ious three-quarters of an hour the lad
returned with his load, but before put-
ting it down, held out his hand for the
coin.

"Now, breakfast," he said.

The King opened a fancy hunting bag,
which he carried on a strap hanging
from his shoulder, and took out a loaf
of black bread, a big onion, a few
chunks of garlic and a half a bottle of
red wine.

As the nature of the breakfast dis-
closed itself the boy eyed the King sus-
piciously, making no attempt to sit
alongside his majesty.

"You shall divide," said Victor Em-
manuel, handing the lad his knife.

"No, thank you," said the boy. "I
thought you were a gentleman carrying
something decent to eat. Such stuff as
you have we get at our cabin any day."

OUR LOSS.

"Opportunity calls just as often as in
years gone by."

"But with us all huddled up in flats,
Opportunity is liable to whistle up the
wrong tube,"—Courier Journal.

IMPERIAL PRINCES
ABOUND IN TURKEYSince Revolution Sultan's Numer-
ous Progeny Are Seen on
Streets of Constantinople.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 24.—The
numerous imperial princes—no one
knows how many children the Sultan
has—who were released from gilded
captivity by the revolution, can now
be seen daily in the streets of the
"most beautiful and dirtiest capital of
Europe."

For the sake of novelty some of the
young men go afoot, while others drive
their own autos or carriages. They
visit stores, lounge in the cafes, go
slumming, and inspect the landmarks,
museums and mosques which hereto-
fore they knew only from photographs
and pictures. The populace treats them
courteously, without taking much no-
tice of their coming and going.

All the imperial princes are frequent
visitors at the treasury, which is not
a public institution, but the place where
the jewels and other precious belong-
ings of the imperial family are kept,
including unset diamonds, rubies, tur-
quoises, and emeralds, worth millions,
besides great stores of gold-plated ar-
ticles of decoration and for use.

SOCIETY AT THE HAGUE.

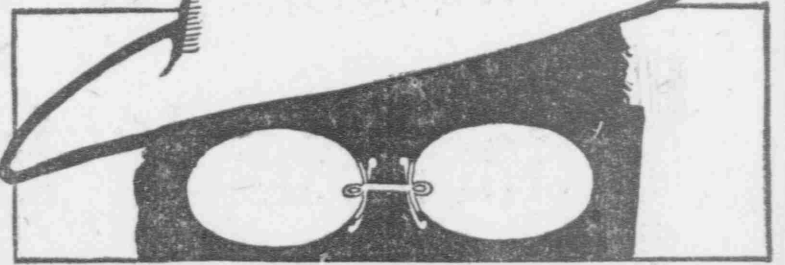
THE HAGUE, Oct. 24.—Dutch society
has resolved a shock from an arrange-
ment made by the court marshal, that
no presentations will be made to Queen
Wilhelmina during the winter, because
no court functions will be held. Queen
Wilhelmina herself commands to this
effect, and it is supposed that her state
of health will not allow her to sustain
the fatigue of elaborate entertainments
at court.

TOO LIBERAL.

Mrs. Stubb—Now, women are not im-
pulsive, like you men. They always
measure their words.

Mr. Stubb (with a sigh)—Oh, if some
of them would only give short meas-
ure!—Chicago News.

GUESS WHO

You may not be able to "guess
who" the wearer is, but it is easy
to be seen that he is wearing LEESE
INVISIBLE BIFOCALS.

LEESE Invisible Bifocals

The one bifocal in which the reading and distance lenses are
perfectly joined; eliminating entirely that objectionable division
line. Two pairs of glasses in one that enable wearers to adjust their
sight from one lens to the other without the annoyance of hav-
ing a division line flash before their vision, causing squinting,
eventually injuring the eyesight and producing an appearance of
premature age.

A try on is all that's necessary to convince the most skeptical
of their superiority.

M. A. LEESE, 614 Ninth St. N.W.

Butchers on Strike; Vegetables Popular

Abattoir Men Refuse to Work
When Ordered to Keep
Places in Order.

PARIS, Oct. 24.—A curious strike is at
present taking place at Lorient, where
the inhabitants have been forced to be-
come vegetarians because the butchers
at the municipal abattoir are on a
strike.

The men complain of the severity of
the manager of the slaughter houses,
who sought to apply to the latter a
regulation relating to cleanliness. Ac-
cording to this regulation the butchers
and their assistants are liable to be
fined if they do not keep their slaughter
houses in proper order. A committee
from the municipal council visited the
abattoir and found that the manager's
action was necessary. The butcher
men then declared strike and the shops
were speedily deserted. Both masters
and men are united on the question un-
der dispute and are clamoring for the
dismissal of the manager.

Only residents of the town are af-
fected by the strike, as the army and
navy make their own arrangements as
regards slaughtering.